

ZANE GREY'S

KING

of the ROYAL MOUNTED



THE CANADA LYNX

THE CANADA LYNX IS ESPECIALLY WELL ADAPTED TO HIS COLD, SNOWY ENVIRONMENT. HE HAS THICK, VERY HEAVY FUR AND EXCEPTIONALLY LARGE FEET WHICH ACT AS SHOWSHOES WHEN HE IS PURSUING GAME OR TRAVELLING IN SEARCH OF IT. HE IS A RATHER SLOW ANIMAL AND HUNTS GAME, MOSTLY RABBITS AND HARES, BY STALKING THEM RATHER THAN BY RUNNING THEM DOWN. HE IS NOT AT ALL DANGEROUS IN SPITE OF HIS HEAVY, POWERFUL APPEARANCE AND FLIES FROM MAN ON SIGHT.



THE CANADA LYNX IS SELDOM SEEN IN THE UNITED STATES AS THE CLIMATE SEEMS TOO WARM FOR HIM. BUT, HE IS SOMETIMES FOUND IN THE WILDER, NORTHERN SECTIONS OF VERMONT, MAINE AND NEW HAMPSHIRE. IN THE WEST, HIS RANGE EXTENDS AS FAR SOUTH AS COLORADO. HIS TRACKS ARE, OF COURSE, DISPROPORTIONATELY LARGE FOR THE BULK OF HIS BODY, (HE IS SOMETIMES FOUR FEET LONG), BUT ARE EASILY DISTINGUISHED FROM ANY OTHER WILD CAT'S BECAUSE THEY ARE MUCH BROADER THAN THEY ARE LONG.

ZANE GREY'S **KING** OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

MEETS TERROR IN THE WILDERNESS

SERGEANT KING HAS JUST COMPLETED A RIFLER PATROL—
ONLY TO RECEIVE A MORE HAZARDOUS ASSIGNMENT FROM
INSPECTOR WACKEREN.

I'VE A SPECIAL DETAIL
FOR YOU—AN UGLY SORT OF
MYSTERY AT WILD SHAN LACE!
YOU'VE HEARD OF THE PLACE?

YES, SIRT! IT'S A NEW NICKEL-COBALT-
COPPER MINING COMMUNITY, LESS THAN
TWO YEARS OLD—A FEW HUNDRED
MALES NORTH OF HERE.

RIGHT! THE MINE'S IMPORTANCE TO THE
WESTERN WORLD'S DEFENSE IS
TREMENDOUS! AND A SERIES OF
GENERALIZING "ACCIDENTS" THE
WINTER HAVE NEARLY CRIPPLED
THE WORK. KEY MEN HAVE BEEN
INJURED---TRACTOR TRAINS
BURIED UNDER AVALANCHES---

YOU'LL FIND THE DETAILED
REPORT OF THE MINE MANAGEMENT
HERE! I SUGGEST THAT YOU GO WITH
THE TRACTOR TRAINS THAT ARE
LEAVING SURETLY TOMORROW—
THE TRIP NIGHT FURNISHES YOU SOME
CLUE! IT WILL BE THE LAST ONE
BEFORE THE SPRING BREAKUP.

VERY
GOOD, SIRT!



PLEASE TELL ME--
WHY DO THEY CALL YOU
TRACTOR OPERATORS
"CAT SKINNERS",
MR. WALL?

SAME PERSON A MAN
WHO DRIVES MULES IS
CALLED A "MULE
SKINNER", MISS

DON'T YOU
KNOW, SIS--
A TRACTOR IS
A "CAT"?



TIME TO GO--?
YOU'LL RIDE IN
THE CABOOSE,
MISS GRANT..

WHAT--
WHERE IS THE
CABOOSE?

I'LL
SHOW
YOU!



I'M SERGEANT
RINE! I'LL BE
MAKING THIS
TRIP WITH
YOU, MISS--

LILA GRANT!
I'M GOING UP
TO REPLACE A
NURSE WHO
FELL 'LL AT
WILD BRAH LAKE.
AND THIS IS MY
BROTHER, TOMMY,
SERGEANT!



ARE YOU
GOING TO
RIDE IN
THE CABOOSE,
TOO, SERGEANT
RINE?

SOME OF THE
TIME, TOMMY! WE
WILL HAVE ABOUT
FOUR DAYS TO
GET ACQUAINTED
ON THE WAY!



THE MOTION OF THE
CABOOSE MAY MAKE YOU
A LITTLE SICKER AT
FIRST-- BUT YOU'LL
GET OVER IT!

WE'LL HAVE
TO-- I SHOULDN'T
CARE TO RIDE A
TRACTOR IN A
FOURTY-BELOW-
ZERO WIND FOR
LONG!



SHUCKS! I WOULDN'T
WIND, SERGEANT!
GIRLS ARE SOTTIER!
CAN'T I RIDE OUT--
SIDE AWHILE?

ALL RIGHT, TOMMY! WE
WILL ASK THE SKINNER'S
PERMISSION-- BUT I
GUARANTEE YOU'LL HAVE
ENOUGH BEFORE OUR
NEXT STOP! EVEN THE
SKINNERS WORK SHORT
SHIFTS.

DAY AND NIGHT, AT THREE MILES AN HOUR, THE "DWARF" SNOWS ALONG OVER ROCKY HILLS AND FROZEN LAKES, THROUGH FOREST AND OVER SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS...HAULING LUMBER, MACHINERY, DYNAMITE AND FOOD SUPPLIES...THE LIFELINE OF ISOLATED HOMES AND VILLAGES.



ON THE LAST DAY OF THE TRIP, KING RIDES WITH THE LEAD DRIVER...















HE TOOK CARE TO BE SEEN
WITH POMP PARKA AND POMP
DOG TEAM, BOAST TO THROW
THE BLAME ON POMP... IN
CASE THERE WERE ANY
SURVIVORS!

MY HEAD'S STILL
WOODY? WHAT?
ARE YOU TALKIN'
ABOUT ANYWAY,
DEE-DEAT? WHO...?



SOMEFOOT---LESS
THAN AN HOUR AGO---
BLEW A HOLE IN THE
LAND AND SANK TWO
TRACTOR TRAINS! HE
BIGGED IT FOR FOO
TO BE BLAMED, MOSE
I DON'T KNOW WHO
HE IS... BUT
I'LL PICK UP
HIS TRAIL
OUTSIDE!



HERE IT IS! DOUBLE
SNOWDRIFT TRAIL---
COMING AND GOING! THE
NEXT FLURRY OF SNOW
WOULD HIDE IT!



HE HAS NEARLY
AN HOUR'S START---
BUT THIS ARE FASTER---
AND THERE'S ENOUGH
DAYLIGHT LEFT---



TWO HOURS AFTER LEAVING HANK MOSE'S CABIN...

FROM HERE ON I'LL HAVE
TO WATCH FOR AN AMBUSH!
AND IN THIS BURN, THE CORP
ARE IN THE KILLER'S
PAWNS!



EVER AS THE THOUGHT CROSSED
KING'S MIND, A RIFLE SPEAKS
FROM BEHIND A SNOW-CLAD ROCK,
TWO HUNDRED YARDS AWAY.



THE SHOCK OF THE BULLET
SPINS KING OFF HIS FEET!



ONE GLANCE AT KING'S SPRAWLED FORM BRINGS A
GLIMMER OF SATISFACTION TO THE AMBUSHER'S
BEARDED LIPS.



HE'S GONE! I HEARD HIS
RAGGLEDU ON THE SNOW
CRUST---FACING OUT! HE
FIGURES THE GOLD WILL
GET ME, IF I'M NOT
ALREADY DEAD...
WISH I'D GOTTEN A
LOOK AT HIM!



THE BOMB SCARRED OFF
MY HAIR---BUT I'M LOSING
BLOOD TOO FAST FROM
THE FLESH WOUND!
CAN'T TAKE OFF MY
JACKET AND SHIRT TO
BANDAGE IT ON I'S
PRESS...



BUT THERE'S
ANOTHER WAY...







WHAT'S ALL THIS BACKSIE ABOUT, ANYWAY, SERGEANT? ALL THIS HARK LUCK THE MINES AND THEIR SUPPLY TRAINS ARE HAVING? WHO'S BEHIND IT? AND WHY?

WHEN THOSE QUESTIONS ARE ANSWERED, HARK, THE TROUBLE WILL BE OVER! MEANWHILE, YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE!



THERE'S ANOTHER QUESTION THAT WOULD BRING ME CLOSER TO HOME! THAT DYNAMITER WAS SEEN BY THE OTHER TWO OLD SKINNERS, WEARING MY CLOTHES AND DRIVING MY DOGS! HOW SOON DO YOU FIGURE THEY'LL COME LOOKIN' FOR ME---WITH BUNS?

UHHMM! WELL, NOT UNTIL THEY HAVE GIVEN ME TIME TO REPORT BACK---



YOU'D BETTER LET OFF YOUR FISHING, TROUSER, UNTIL YOU DRIVE ME TO WILD SWAN LAKE! MY WORDS WILL CLEAR YOU THEN, HARK!



IT TAKES REAL COURAGE, HOWEVER, FOR HARK MOSS TO DRIVE KING TO THE MINING SETTLEMENT, THREE DAYS LATER---NOT KNOWING HOW MANY TRICKED-UP HAPPY MINERS MAY BE COVERING HIS APPROACH!



PULL UP---YOU BLASTED MURDERER! YOU'VE GOT A NERVE---

"WE'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU AND YOUR PARTNER---

HOLD IT, MEN!"



I'M SERGEANT KING OF THE HOWL MOUNTED POLICE! CALL NURSE LILA GRANT AND HER BROTHER TO IDENTIFY ME, IF YOU HAVE DOUBTED THE REAL DYNAMITER ASSAULTED ME AND ESCAPED---LEFT ME FOR DEAD.

BUT---THIS HARK MOSS WAS SEEN!

WHEN? THE MURDERER WAS SEEN—
WITH MOSE'S CLOTHING AND OUR
TEAM? I FOUND MOSE HELPLESS IN
HIS CABIN, ALONE AND THEN
CHILDHOOD-FORMED! NOW, GENTLEMEN,
PLEASE SHOW US TO THE HOSPITAL.
SO I CAN HAVE MY WOUND
DRESSED!



HELLO,
LILIAN!

SERGEANT FIRST WE WERE SCARED
SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAD HAPPENED!
I'VE CALLED DOCTOR LEARNING!

PATIENTS WELCOME
REMOVES ALL "GUESTS"
OF KING'S
IDENTITY

HEARD? THE WOUND WAS
NEVER PROPERLY
STERILIZED! THERE'S
A LITTLE INFECTION...
BUT YOU SEEM TO BE
AN TIGER AND A
GRIZZLY BEAR,
SERGEANT.

HOW LONG WILL I
NEED TO BE
HOSPITALIZED,
DOCTOR
LEARNING?



TWO WEEKS, AT LEAST! THAT WILL BE ABOUT THE
TIME OF THE SPRING BREAKUP... SO YOU CAN JUST
TAKE IT EASY FOR ANOTHER MONTH AFTER THAT,
SERGEANT! NOT EVEN A FLOAT PLANE CAN LAND
UNTIL THE LAKE IS CLEAR OF ICE.



SAY, SERGEANT!

SAY? YOU'RE
LOOKING GREAT, FIRST!
HOW DOES YOUR SIDE FEEL?
SHE SAYS IT'S NEARLY
WELL ---

SO WELL THAT I'M
GETTING UP
TODAY, TOMMY!



BUT, SERGEANT? I HEARD MR.
DOCTOR LEARNING
SAID TWO
WEEKS!

BUT YOU'RE
BRINGING ME
MY UNIFORM NOW,
OR I'LL GET UP AND
LOOK FOR IT! FROM
WHAT WILL DOCTOR
LEARNING SAY?







"DO TESTH MARKER"
THAT IS INDEED
STAMMET TELL
ME THE REST?

THE DEAD MAN HAD A WIFE. MY BROTHER AND I
HAD JUST PICKED UP THE BODY, WHEN A HUGE
BEAR RUSHED AT US FROM BEHIND A TREE! HE
BORE ON HIS HIND LEGS AND STRUCK MY
BROTHER DEAD WITH A BLOW OF HIS PAW. HE
STRUCK AT ME AND BROKE MY SHOULDER----



--- AND YOU RAN BACK INTO TOWN,
BROKEN SHOULDER AND ALL, THAT
CHECKS WITH WHAT I HEARD



SERGEANT
KIND? I TRIED
TO MAKE HIM
WAIT, BUT---

"HELLO, SERGEANT? YOU ARE
THE LAW IN THIS PLACE, NOW?"
HE--- I AM DOMINIQUE
CENTEAM, AN' I MADE
COMPLAINT----

ALL RIGHT, LILA---
LEAVE ME TO ME!



THE LAW, SHE SAYS THAT NO ONE
MUST STEAL OTHER MEN'S TRAP
LINE--- BUT I TOOK THIS PLACE
THREE YEARS! NOW THE WOMAN
SHE SUED UP MY BEST TRAP LINE---
--- DRIVE ALL THE BEARS! AN'
WEEK AN' FOR ARMY----

DID YOU HAVE
YOUR TRAP LINE
RECORDED AS THE
LAW RECOMMEND?



RECORDED? HA! YOU TALK FOR
THE BEER BUSINESS--- THE FAT
JERKMAN BOSS? THE WOODS ARE
FREE--- UNTIL BEER BUSINESS
COME AND KICK OUT POOR TRAPPER
--- LIKE DOMINIQUE CENTEAM!



EXCUSE? IF I CANNOT MAKE THE
BOSS PAY ME FOR BUSTED TRAP
LINE, THEN I SIT HERE FOR A
JOB! THE SPRING
THAT SHE IS
HERE, ANYWAY!

NOW,
WONDER
WHAT DID HE
HOPE TO GAIN
BY THAT
LITTLE ACT?













LEAVING THE OTHERS, KING STEPS TO THE NEXT BARR AND SPEAKS TO THE INJURED ONE.

TELL ME, MY FRIEND—
HOW CAN I REACH THE
CABIN OF DOMINIQUE
COUTEAU—BY DAY-
LIGHT TOMORROW?



A FEW MINUTES LATER—

HERE— I'VE DRAWN A
ROUGH MAP SHOWING THE
LANDMARKS YOU NAMED! THE
CABIN OF COUTEAU
IS ABOUT TWO HOURS EAST
OF THE TOWN—IS THAT RIGHT?

YEST BUT IF YOU
GO THERE, THE
WYRMAST
WILL KILL
YOU!



I'LL RISE THAT! THINE HE HAS
TRIED ONCE—AND FAILED! I'LL
TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOUR TEAM,
MY FRIEND! GOOD NIGHT!



HELLO! HAVE LILA
AND THE DOCTOR
DECEASED YOU?

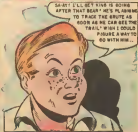
THEY'VE GONE TO COOK SOME
SUPPER—IN THE HOSPITAL
KITCHEN! WHERE ARE YOU
GOING, KING?



I'VE GONE DOWN TO THE "SLED DOG HOTEL"—TO
CHECK ON THE CREW'S OUTFIT! I'M TAKING IT OUT
BEFORE DARK TOMORROW MORNING—BUT DON'T
TELL ANYBODY, TOMMY! GOOD NIGHT!



SAH! I'LL GET KING IS GOING
AFTER THAT BEAR! HE'S PLANNING
TO TRACK THE BRUTE AS
SOON AS HE CAN SEE THE
TRAIL! WHEN I COULD
PICKUP A WAY TO
GO WITH HIM..







WELL, JAWWEEZ! HAD TO DO
SOMETHING ABOUT THESE
MAN-BOILING BRUTES! I
DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW
YOU'RE GOING TO FIND
ME, THOUGH, SINCE
YOU'RE NOT FOLLOWING
ANY TRACKS!



THE BRUTE I'M AFTER HAS LEFT A
WOODEN MARKS---THE KIND YOU
CAN'T SEE! JOE CRUE, BACK AT THE
HOSPITAL, CALLS HIM A WARRIOR---
---AN EVIL SPIRIT AND, IN A
SENSE, THAT'S TRUE!



AFTER TWO HOURS OF FAST TRAVEL THROUGH THE SOFT, CLODDING
SNOW, FOLLOWING JOE CRUE'S DIRECTIONS---

WELL, TOMMY, THERE
IT IS--- THE CABIN
OF DOMINIQUE
COURTEAU!



WE'LL HAVE PLENTY
OF TIME TO SEARCH
THE PLACE! EVEN IF
COURTEAU STARTED
RIGHT AFTER US, HE
COULDN'T CATCH UP!

BUT---I
THOUGHT
YOU WERE
GOING TO
TRACE THE
SCAR!



I'M HOPING TO PICK UP SOME
MORE TRACKS HERE, TOMMY!
BUT THEY MAY NOT LOOK LIKE
BEAR TRACKS! REMEMBER---
A WARRIOR IS FEARFULLY
CLEVER AT HIDING HIS TRAIL.



WHAT DON'T YOU
GO RIGHT IN, SINCE
NOBODY'S HOME---

DID YOU EVER HEAR
OF A BOOBY TRAP,
TOMMY---

AND
YOU'RE
GOING
KING!



COYOTES CERTAINLY WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO PROTECT THEM FROM BEARS--- OR STRANGERS!















